

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON.
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.
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"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

MAINE FARMER.
Taking Calves from Cows early.
Some recommend taking calves from cows when but two or three days old, and allege that the cows give the more milk for doing it. We cannot say whether this is the fact or not with regard to the cow, but this we do know from experience: if you desire to spoil your cow for milk, let the calf run with her all the time, and you do it effectually. We have in times past taken calves from cows when three or four days old, and brought them up upon skim milk and slops, and made very fine animals of them. It is more work to nurse them in this way, and we are not satisfied whether, all things considered, it is an economical mode or not. In some cases it may be desirable, as where milk or cream is valuable, or where a sale of the cow is made without the calf, &c. It would be well for those who feel disposed to practice this method, to take some note of the quantity of milk which the cow may give, and compare it with the quantities which she may have given under similar circumstances of care and keep, when the calf is suckled.

Culture of Strawberries.
It may not be very important for us Up Easters to enter into the cultivation of strawberries when it is already done to our hand by dame Nature, who seldom fails to give us a supply in due season in the fields and meadows on every side.

And yet there is a pleasure and a convenience to the man who has leisure to pay some attention to the culture of this delicious fruit. When cultivated in a garden in the proper manner, they are larger and more delicious than when growing wild in the fields—beside they may be had at any time without treading and tangling the farmer's grass, as is too often the case. We have known some farmers to plant a bed of strawberries in their gardens and let them take care of themselves. In this way they produce but little—soon crowd the beds with vines, and present little else than a solid matting of vines and leaves.

A writer in Hovey's Horticultural Magazine gives a method adopted by a Mr. Darke, we believe, who cultivates the strawberry as an annual.

Towards August you will find that the main root of a strawberry vine has stretched out its runners, and occasionally put out a tuft of leaves and a few roots. He takes these tufts of leaves and roots, cuts them off from the parent stock, and sets them in good ground, covering or protecting them during the winter. The next summer they bear profusely, when he again selects new tufts—sets them out as before—pulling up the old ones. In this way he proceeds annually, and never fails to have a good crop.

He recommends Keen's seedlings and Downton's seedlings as the best varieties to be managed in this way.

Mode of Preventing Woodpeckers and Sapsuckers from Boring Apple and Pear Trees.

It is well known to many of our readers, that the woodpecker and another smaller bird called sometimes the sapsucker and sometimes the "Quack Quack," are accused of puncturing the bark of apple and pear trees, and of sucking the sap therefrom to the great injury of the tree. Others, however, assert that they are only in quest of insects, and that they merely puncture the bark to get them out. When trees of the above kind grow near a wood, we have often observed that they are more often visited by these birds, than when situated more remotely from it. Indeed, we have seen them pierced so full that you could hardly lay a cent upon the trunk, without covering one or more of the holes that they have made.

Mr. G. Reed, an aged and experienced farmer in the north part of this town, informed us, some years since, that he had succeeded in preventing the attacks of these birds by putting about in spots up and down the trunk of the tree, an ointment made of grease and sulphur. He stated that when his trees were infested by lice (or aphids) he bored into the trunk with a common nail gimlet about an inch and a half, and put into the hole a small quantity of common Unguentum. In the course of twenty-four hours they all cleared out or died.

Sick Pig—Use of Mullen in Piles.

As it is a duty incumbent upon us, both on the score of humanity and profit, to keep our domestic animals comfortable, and to heal them when sick, if we can, every fact which shall be of use in such cases, is valuable. A few years ago we had a valuable pig of one of the improved breeds about ten weeks old, which we discovered to be troubled with what at first appeared to be piles. The intestine soon after protruded two inches or more, and in spite of every thing that could be done, would remain out. It was somewhat inflamed and swollen. We bathed the part in warm water, and also in a decoction of raspberry twigs—gave it charcoal, sulphur, &c., but it did no good. It had a good appetite, but as the weather began to grow warm and flies appeared we gave it up to its fate, excepting applying once or twice per day, common lamp oil to the part. In this condition it remained a fortnight, when a farmer in the neighborhood suggested the application of a strong decoction of common mullein leaves as a bath—stating that in a case of his own, similar, though accompanied with piles, he had experienced relief from such an application.

MAINE FARMER.



A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

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The mullen was procured—the part washed with warm soap suds, and then bathed with the mullein tea, and in a short time the protruding part took its proper place; and grumphy was discharged from the hospital, cured.

Extracts from an Address
Delivered before the Housatonic Agricultural Society, Mass., by Caleb N. Bement, editor of the N. Y. Farmer.

To be successful in farming, the mind should be devoted to the business. That man who is above his business is in danger of soon finding that he has got below it. The farmer who devotes his mind and energy to his farm, till it is so far improved that it elevates him above the necessity of constant labor, is the most independent and enviable character in our country; free from the responsibility of office and the toils and cares of a profession, he eats the fruits he has reared with more zest than can be realized by any other class. A good farm, covered with flocks and herds, and fruits, is a truly enviable possession, and like Selkirk, the farmer is often "Monarch of what he surveys."

The well cultivated field is the field of the farmer's glory; his highest ambition to improve it, if he has doubled the produce of his farm, he feels that he has achieved a nobler victory than if he had conquered armies or subdued empires. Some experience and much observation have convinced me, that one of the most common errors in which our farmers have fallen, is in neglecting their young stock. Many farmers are in the practice of turning off their young stock on the poorest food. This is not right; for if ever animals require the best of food and plenty of it, it is when they are young and growing. They will not grow into good shape or size if half starved or stunted of their food. I have heard some farmers boast of the small quantity of food which they have carried their stock through the winter. Our pride would be to see how well we would carry them through the winter. "An animal well wintered is half summered." One good cow full fed, is worth more than three half starved ones; I am aware that high feeding of milk cows on grain, is not generally believed to be profitable, but I am satisfied that by feeding them on roots in the winter, the cows would give milk nearly all the whole year, and their calves be much more valuable.

If cows are ever allowed to fall very low during winter, in vain shall we hope to obtain an abundant supply of milk by bringing them into high condition in the summer; for if a cow be low at the time of calving, no management afterwards will ever bring her to yield, for that season, any thing like the quantity of milk that she would have done, had she been all the winter in a high condition.

The immense importance of providing for cows a full supply of rich and succulent food, and such as they relish, to the extent of their appetite, has been demonstrated by many examples of very large products of milk, butter and cheese, from cows so supplied. The following statement from an English publication, is a further illustration of the fact. "A farmer some years since, kept eighteen cows upon a common, and was often obliged to buy butter for his family. The common was enclosed, which deprived the farmer of his pasture—and the same person amply supplied his family with milk and butter from four cows well kept."

RAISING CUCUMBERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator in speaking of the cultivation of cucumbers, says:—

A friend of mine has furnished me with directions for "propagating cucumbers, for several crops in succession;" which he has himself practiced for several years with good success. As it is a new thing to me, and perhaps equally so to many of the readers of your paper, and in my opinion well worth trying, I am induced to submit it to you for publication, if you see fit. "As soon as there appears several flower buds on a plant, bend the second or third joint or branch below the bloom, fasten it firmly in the ground, and cut off the capillary point of the plant. The vegetable speedily takes root when you separate it from the parent stalk. Proceed thus with the most vigorous plants; and as each root has only to support a few fruits with nourishment, you both save labor and procure a constant succession of cucumbers, for a number of months, from one plant, which are not as likely to degenerate as if they were raised from a variety of seed."

ROTATION OF CROPS. While there is now great attention paid to draining, subsoiling, and the application of artificial manures to the improvement of agriculture, there has not been that attention paid to the necessity of a judicious rotation of crops as the subject requires. Let the land be supplied with all the chemical elements of vegetation in all the crops, if the same crop is sown two or three years in succession, it will be found deficient; also when crops nearly allied succeed each other. For instance in strong land, if one part is sown with oats and another with beans, afterwards followed and treated exactly alike and sown with wheat, the crop will be better on the bean part. Although the cause has not been satisfactorily accounted for on chemical principles, it would appear that the excretion of the roots of one cultivated plant is injurious to those of another of the same family, or that one abstracts some peculiar principle from the soil essential to its vigorous growth. In like manner, red clover in the four-course system, after a number of years is found to fail, not as has been stated, from a deficiency of gypsum (sulphate of lime) in the soil; for the application of that substance, although attended with beneficial results in some cases, has not altogether cured the evil, and in others (an instance of which occurred in this neighborhood) entirely failed. In land that was sick of clover, instead of sowing it every time of fallow, I have missed it once in a course, so that the interval between the crop was seven or eight years; this plan, as far as I have observed, is attended by a complete restoration of the crop, and is the best to adopt in the present state of our knowledge.

[English paper.]

SOWING CLOVER SEED.—The following mode of sowing clover seed was invented by Mr. Bradley, of Maryland. Make a box eight or ten feet long, three or four inches in breadth, and divide it into partitions of six inches each in length. In the bottom of each partition is an opening of three inches square, in which is inserted a piece of tin or stiff paper, perforated with a number of holes of sufficient size for the seed to pass through. The seed being put in each partition, and the box hung by a strap which passes over the neck, is carried before the man sowing it, who walks over the field and shakes it as he needs. Its advantages are, that it sows the seed far more evenly than can be done by the hand, and enables a given quantity of seed to go much farther. A thin piece of board may be hooked to the bottom of the box, to prevent the seed shaking out till the sowing begins.

Soiling.
Treatment of milk cows.—During the summer, Mr. Pell's cows are kept in the barn yard and soiled. They are fed three times per day, at stated hours, and in addition to their ordinary food, receive at 12 o'clock each day eight quarts of wheat bran, well water. The general feeding is dry hay, green grass, green corn stalks, occasionally a few potatoes, and salt whenever the cows feel a disposition for it. Water they have free access to at all times of the day and night, and should never be without it. An experiment was tried of giving the cows water only three times each day, immediately after eating their food, and they seemed satisfied. They were then constantly supplied, and drank freely nine times in one day, taking apparently as much at each drinking as when allowed water only three times; so that, in reality, when permitted to drink only three times a day, they must have suffered much from thirst in the intervals.

When the weather is very hot or rainy, the cows have sheds made partially under ground, into which they can retire and ruminate undisturbed. With this treatment they constantly take on fat, and secrete twice the quantity of milk that they would if allowed to run at large. During the past summer the cows gave an average of 16 quarts of milk daily, and in the fall were fit for the butcher. In winter they are kept in stalls in a warm barn, littered freely, as occasion requires, and daily curried and rubbed. When the weather is fine, they are turned into the barn-yard for exercise in the middle of the day. Twice a day they are fed cut hay and wheat straw, with a small quantity of bran sprinkled over it, for the sake of which they eat their allowance entirely up, and once a day cut hay; they are watered four times a week, and have roots, such as beets, carrots, potatoes, or turnips once a week. By cutting the straw and hay, cattle are enabled to eat their meal in 25 minutes; whereas, if uncured, they are engaged in masticating their food half the night, the labor and fatigue of which deprives them of the necessary time required for their rest.

Advantages of this soiling system.—Mr. Pell carted from his barn-yard 230 loads of manure on the 10th of May, which was made in the preceding six months. On the 10th of November, from the same yard, he carted 230 loads more, averaging 30 bushels per load, made within the six months following the 10th of May. Five cows only were kept, which thus made 460 loads of good manure in one year. During the summer, leaves, straw, &c., were constantly thrown into the yard, and occasionally covered with manure. The manure was piled up in mounds 6,000 lbs. of urine, which was absorbed by the refuse, and its strength retained by the charcoal dust, gypsum, &c.; the manure, therefore, was intrinsically worth the New York city price, viz., \$1 the wagon load, or \$406.

In addition to making this great quantity of manure, the other advantages of soiling are: 1. No cross fences are required on the farm. 2. The cows give twice as much milk as when running at large. 3. Their skins are ready for the market in the fall, being fat. 4. They are always ready to be milked. 5. They are never worried by being driven to and from the pasture. 6. They eat all the refuse grass, which would otherwise be lost. 7. Eight acres will keep them longer and better than 40 would depasture. 8. The fields are always in order, not being poached by their feet in wet weather. 9. The person is not much longer in cutting their food and giving it to them, than he would be in driving them to the pasture. 10. Manure enough is saved to pay the interest on a large farm. Numerous other good reasons might be given if the above are not considered sufficient.

The above experiment of Mr. Pell, showing the superiority of the soiling system, is strongly corroborated by others made in Europe, though probably unknown to Mr. P. when he commenced his. We quote from a speech recently made before a meeting of the Larnie Farming Society, in Ireland, by Mr. Donaghy, Superintendent of the Agricultural Department of the Larnie National School:—"Mr. Smith, of Deanston, a gentleman, whose scientific and practical knowledge, as an agriculturist, has placed him in the first rank of the improvers of the soil, is no mean authority in support of the soiling system. In the summer of 1841, he made an experiment on a dairy of twenty cows, pasturing the one-half and house-feeding the other. He selected them as equally as possible, in point of carcass, condition, and milking quality. The result of his experiment was, that the cows house-fed gave their milk more uniformly, and more plentifully, and continued throughout in excellent health, and improved in condition from 30s to 40s per head over those at pasture. The cows house-fed were kept on three-quarters of a statute acre each, whilst those that were pastured required one and a quarter acres of pasture, and a quarter acre of cut grass and vetches, making one acre and a half for each; so that, upon the whole, about the one-half of the extent of ground necessary for the keep of cows at pasture, was sufficient for those kept in the house. I could add abundance of other proof, from equally respectable gentlemen, in support of the superiority of this system to that in general practice; but I shall content myself with merely saying that, if, according to Mr. Blacker, a gentleman who deserves the best thanks of the agricultural community, three cows could be kept on the same extent of ground as is at present required to keep one, adoption of this system would, by that, by proper management, they could—the benefit thus resulting to the farming interest would be immense. But the increase of milk and butter consequent on its adoption, would not be the only resulting advantage—the increase of the manure heap would be equally advantageous. No farmer, I care not how good his practice in other respects may be, can farm profitably, without a plentifulness of manure. Now, it has been calculated, on an average, that cows are not kept in the house, at present, more than eight hours each day, throughout the year. If such be the case, and I have no reason to question the correctness of the calculation, would not a cow, which is house-fed summer and winter, produce three times as much available manure as one pastured? If, then, according to Mr. Smith's opinion, two cows could be kept in the place of one, six times as much manure could be made—if Mr. Blacker's views be correct, nine times as much manure could be realized. I contend, therefore, that the general adoption of this system would do away with the great dread of the poverty, privations, and misery, with which the small farmers are at present beset. And how? By increasing the means of subsistence. If we look at Belgium, with a population of 321 to the square mile, (and an interior soil to ours,) and compare the condition of its inhabitants with that of the inhabitants of our own country, in which the population does not exceed 303 to the square mile, the contrast, on our part, is melancholy. But the Belgians pursue a regular rotation of cropping, house-feed their cattle, keep urine tanks, &c.; and, by superior management, are in the enjoyment of a degree of comfort and happiness to which the lower classes of Irishmen are utter strangers."

[American Agriculturist.]

Well Prepared Soils.

One, and not one of the least advantages of a small farm, is that we have more time to prepare the ground well before we put in the seed for the crops. On a large farm, we are often if not constantly driven—on a small one we may drive our business, and the irritation and fretfulness an ambitious farmer feels when he has more than he can well attend to, is almost as bad, if not worse, than being out of cash and teased by a dun. The reason why light, sandy soils are generally the most productive, is no other than that the roots of our crops easily find their way and penetrate deep and wide for the necessary food; hence the more stiff and firm soils call for the greater labor of the cultivator, and when well pulverized almost always are superior to those that are naturally less compact. The stiffer soils hold the manure better, keep it within the reach of the roots of the plants, and in this way offset the advantages of those that are mellow. But in all soils as a general rule, the ploughing is often far better than would be a dressing of manure upon it. As a general rule, farmers are not ready in sowing; the reluctance to wait, and the apprehension of a change of weather for the worse, and the seeds are given to the soil to germinate and endeavor to force their feeble roots under hard and tenacious lumps of earth for growth and sustenance. If we farmers would only recollect the instances where our fields have been often and faithfully ploughed, and the increased productions over those that were but half done, we should not longer pursue a practice so adverse to our interests. A season passed, like the water that turns the mill wheel, does not again return, and we are one hour further on in the brief journey; we have but half a crop, we lose the other half by our neglect. The interest upon the value of our land, and the effects of the manure we apply are also gone forever to the winds and elements. Doubly true is the good maxim of the thrifty housewife, when applied to the preparation of our land—that "what is well done is twice done," for it is more than twice as profitable. For if we get fifty bushels of corn where we would have had but twenty-five, do we not gain the value of twenty-five bushels, and the interest upon our money for the remainder of our lives, upon each acre; and this enormous gain arising from a little additional care in the preparation of the soil, which, if repeated every year, increases in a compound ratio, outstripping altogether the sordid growth of money interest.

The symptoms of the gauges are so various, that we have no doubt they should be classed as distinct diseases, the same as physicians do those of the human family. It would be quite absurd to say that a child was afflicted with scarlet fever, when it only had a cold; or that it was suffering with worms, when gasping for breath with the croup; and yet these diseases do not seem at all more distinct to our comprehension, than those mentioned above under the head of "Gauges or Pips." It would be well worth the while for some skillful surgeon to investigate these diseases, and write a work upon the subject.

The remedy for the catarrh, is to tear off the scale on the tongue with the nails of the forefinger and thumb, and then push down the throat a large lump of fresh butter which has previously been well mixed with Scotch snuff. But we think two or three teaspoonfuls of glyster, made of equal parts of butter, honey, and vinegar, would be better. To remove the worms, hold the chicken with its mouth wide open over tobacco smoke from one to two minutes; or what is better and more humane, tie the wings and legs of the chicken to prevent its struggling, take a small hen's feather, and strip it clean excepting a tuft of about an inch at the end, wet this slightly in spirits of turpentine, draw the neck of the chicken out straight, open its mouth wide, seize the tongue gently with a piece of muslin between the fingers to prevent its slipping, and then push the feather lightly down its windpipe two or three inches and twist it round, and this will bring up more or less worms, and the chickens will usually sneeze out the remainder; if it does not, repeat the operation not more than two or three times the same day, till the windpipe is clear of them.

The gauges are said to be prevented by mixing a small quantity of spirits of turpentine with the food of chickens; wetting up the meal for their feed with soap suds, or molasses, or a little asafoetida pounded fine, or vinegar, in which iron has been corroded, or snuff, or rhubarb and cayenne pepper, or feeding them with coarse homony, and a pepper corn now and then, or a piece of garlic.

Some think that the worm is the offspring of the lice on hens, which we think is impossible; others, that it is more generally picked up by the chicken out of dung heaps, either in the egg, or just after hatching; others, that the eggs are spawed in the windpipe by the parent worm and hatch out there; others, that the eggs are deposited on the nostrils of the chicken by a winged insect, and then hatch, and find their way into the windpipe.

Chickens are most affected with gauges in wet weather, when worms are most likely to breed; so when catarrhal complaints are most frequent. Keep them at all times in a dry warm place during wet weather in a good protection. In addition to this the hen should be kept clean, warm, and dry, and be thoroughly whitewashed inside and out every spring and fall, with a wash made of lime pretty well sprinkled with salt.

We feel quite culpable in condensing so much from Mr. Bement's excellent little work; yet it should tempt our young readers now to purchase it, for they will find not only this subject but most others regarding poultry fully treated, together with handsome wood cut illustrations of the text. With this work in his library, and strict attention to its precepts, every boy would be able to raise fowls successfully, as well as profitably.

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An experiment, conducted by the President of an Agricultural Society in England, shows that manure which was kept covered by nine inches in depth with earth, so that no evaporation escaped, produced four bushels more of grain per acre, than the same quantity and kind of manure applied to the same quantity and extent of land, but which had lain from the 13th of Jan. to the 4th of April, exposed to the weather.

GRANO. From accounts lately received, the ship *Burnish* is expected soon to arrive at this port, with a full cargo of African guano. It will be seasonable for application to the growing crops any time before the middle or last of June.—The farmers of this vicinity will doubtless derive much benefit from patrolling this home project.—Portland Advertiser.

Importance of Salt to Live Stock.

Animals, even in a wild state, have been remarked at certain seasons, to visit sea and salt springs with great avidity. Every farmer must have observed how fond horses and black cattle are of licking the salt earth of farm yards, stables, &c. In Spain 112 lbs. of salt are regularly consumed by 1000 sheep in five months. In several other parts of Europe it is also given, and its great and manifold use is incontrovertibly established. Mr. Curwen, late Member of Parliament for Cumberland, employed salt for his live stock daily, for years, in the following quantities: To horses he gave 6 oz. per day; to milch cows, 4 do.; to feeding oxen, 6 do.; to yearling calves, 3 do.; to calves, 1 do.; to sheep, per week, from 2 to 4 do., whilst feeding on dry pastures, but while feeding on turnips, he gave them plenty of it. The manner of giving it is different, some give it on a dry salt or stone; some lay lumps of it in the cribs or mangers. It has been found that sheep which have a supply of it are never afflicted with the disease called the rot. Salt has even been found to be a specific for that devastating disease. A Mr. Rusher, of Stanley, Gloucestershire, a few years ago purchased, for a mere trifle, about 20 sheep in autumn, which were decidedly rotten, and gave an ounce to them every morning for some weeks; two only of them died; the remainder became remarkably strong and healthy, and bore excellent lambs the following winter. Salt shaken over each stratum of hay while making it into ricks, &c., or given in washes &c., gives the animals that use the hay or wash, a zest for it, and besides preserving them from several distempers, renders their grain sleek and glossy. Although the benefit of salt is now becoming to be generally appreciated, even in enlightened England (not many years ago we read how a farmer cited his servants before a Justice of the Peace at Winchester, for the dreadful crime of giving his horses salt in their corn: "I should not have suspected it," said the farmer, "had not my horses' coats become so fine lately." "Salt for horses!" exclaimed the indignant magistrate, "can anything be more poisonous?" Let the rascal be committed to Bridewell for a month! [Newry (Ireland) Telegraph.]

The Gapes, or Pip.

Mr. Bement, in his *Poultry Companion*, has gathered together all the supposed causes of this fatal disease in chickens, which we shall condense in a few lines for the benefit of our young readers. 1. It is attributed to catarrh, similar to the influenza in human beings; producing a thickened state of the membrane lining the nostrils, mouth, and tongue. 2. Small red worms in the windpipe. 3. Breeding from old cocks (which is doubtless an old woman's notion). 4. Scanting the chickens in their food. 5. Giving them too much Indian meal pudding. 6. Want of pure water.

The symptoms of the gauges are so various, that we have no doubt they should be classed as distinct diseases, the same as physicians do those of the human family. It would be quite absurd to say that a child was afflicted with scarlet fever, when it only had a cold; or that it was suffering with worms, when gasping for breath with the croup; and yet these diseases do not seem at all more distinct to our comprehension, than those mentioned above under the head of "Gauges or Pips." It would be well worth the while for some skillful surgeon to investigate these diseases, and write a work upon the subject.

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Celery.

We know of no vegetable which requires more care and skill in its cultivation, from beginning to end, than celery. An inexperienced hand will be apt to fail in planting his seed, fail in preparing the trenches, and fail in earthing up the plants and bleaching them. And yet, celery is so generally a favorite that every family desires it, and every gardener is willing to cultivate it.

Seed Sowing. The seed is exceedingly slow in germination, and, if not assisted artificially, will be three and sometimes four weeks without sprouting. We sow the seed in water, (a solution of oxalic acid would be much better,) for twenty-four hours; turn off the water, and then add and stir up a few handfuls of sand, well moistened, and let the seed stand in a slow current, or other warm place, for two or three days. The sand will now be nearly dry; if it be not, add dry sand to it until it is perfectly powdery, and can be sown without falling in lumps. Besides hastening its germination, mixing the seed with sand enables the operator to sow it with greater facility and evenness. Select a shaded spot, let the earth be rich, rather inclined to moisture, and perfectly mellow. Sow the seed broadcast, and cover very finely by sifting over it finely pulverized mould. Beat the seed gently with the back of the spade to settle the earth firmly about the seeds. Don't fear that the seed will be troubled by beating; every seed should have the earth pressed to it by a smart stroke of the hoe, hand, spade, or by the pressure of a roller. If the weather is exceedingly warm and dry, cover your seed bed with matting or old carpet, to retain the moisture. When up let them be well weeded, until they are six inches high, when they are to be removed to the trench for bleaching.

First Transplanting. The process here detailed may be wholly omitted by those who are obliged to economize time and labor. But those who wish to do the very best that can be done—who wish to avoid spinning, weak plants, and secure strong and vigorous ones—transplant their celery to a level bed of very rich soil, placing the plants four inches apart every way. They are cultivated here for about five weeks, when they will have attained a robust habit, or, technically, they will have become *stocky*—for which purpose they were thus transplanted.

Celery Trenches. Dig your trenches about eighteen inches wide, and one foot deep, laying a shovel full of dirt alternately on each side of the trench, that it may be conveniently drawn in on both sides when you earth up. If you earth up with a very deep and rich, lumpy soil, such as often abounds in Western gardens, you will need little or no manure. But usually about four inches of vegetable mould and very thoroughly rotted manure, should be placed in the bottom of the trench and gently spaded in. No part of the culture is more critical than manuring. If the soil is slow, poor, and stony, the celery will be dwarfish, tough, and stringy. On the other hand, if you employ too rich a soil, your celery will be hollow, watery, coarse and flavorless. Let the manure be very thoroughly decayed and mixed half and half with leaf or vegetable mould.

Set the plants five inches apart, water them freely with a fine-sieved watering pot, and, if the sun is fierce, cover the trenches daily from ten till evening with boards. In about a week they will begin to grow and will need no more watering.

Let them alone, except to weed, until the plants are from twelve to fifteen inches high—at which time they are to be earthed up.

Earthing up. In dry weather, with a short, hand-hoe, draw in the earth gently from each side and bring it up carefully to the stalk. The soil must be kept out of the plant, and it is best for the first and perhaps the second time of earthing, to gather up the leaves in the left hand, and holding them together to draw the earth about them. Fill in about once in two weeks, and always when the plants are dry. When the trench is full, the process is still to go on, and at the close of the season your plants will be exactly reversed—instead of standing in a trench they will top out from a high ridge.

Storing Celery in Winter. Three ways may be mentioned. Letting it stand in the trench—in which case it should be covered with long straw and boards so laid over it that it will be protected from the wet, which is supposed to be more prejudicial to it than mere cold.

The Boston market gardeners dig it late in autumn, trim off the fibrous roots, cut off the top, lay it for two days in an airy shed, turning it, say, twice a day, and then pack it in layers of perfectly dry sand, in a barrel. After lying two days to air it goes into the barrel much wilted, but regains its plumpness, and comes out as fresh as from the trench.

Lastly, it may be put in rows on the cellar bottom, without trimming, and earth heaped up about it. Set a plank at an angle of 45° and bank up the earth against it, set a row of roots and cover them with dirt, then another row and so on.

Solid celery is not a particular variety—any celery is solid when properly grown—and if grown too rankly the most solid celery in the world will be hollow.

We have seen it recommended to water the trenches once or twice during the season with a weak brine of salt and water. Besides the fertilizing effect of salt, it will have the effect of retaining moisture in the soil, and what is of yet more moment, it destroys the parasitical fungus (*Puccinia Heraclei*) which attacks and rots the plant, and probably would, also, guard it against a maggot which is apt to infest, and very much injure it. There is an insect which, in very dry weather, is apt to sting the leaf and cause it to wilt. While the dew is on in the morning, sift lime over the plants, once or twice, and it will check the fly.

If any thing these directions too minute and the process vexatious they are at liberty to try a cheaper method—and may, once in a while, succeed. But a certain crop, year by year, cannot be expected without exact and very careful cultivation. We have learned this by painful experience.

The main crop of celery need not be placed in the trenches until the middle of July or the first of August. Its greatest growth will be in the fall months. [Indiana Farmer and Gardener.]

AGRICULTURAL ANECDOTE.—Patrius Cressius, as mentioned by Pliny the Roman historian, was originally a slave. Having been made a freeman, he purchased a small bit of ground from which he obtained through his unvaried industry, much finer crops than many of his neighbors, who had much larger farms. This excited general envy, which his enemies carried to such a length, as to accuse him of employing magic charms to render his grounds fertile and to impoverish theirs. The edict caused him to be summoned to appear, and answer the charge before the people of Rome. Cressius obeyed the mandate, accompanied by his daughter, a fresh and healthy colored girl, charms which appeared to greater advantage from the simplicity of her dress. The accused also brought with him the tools and implements of his profession. His mattocks were remarkably heavy; his plough was of an enormous size, and his cattle were all sound and fat. "Behold!" said the truly dignified farmer, "behold my whole magical equipment! behold the charms which I have recourse to! There are others, indeed, which I am not capable of producing before you—I mean the sweat of my brow, and the incessant toil both of day and night!" This native eloquence decided the matter; he was honorably acquitted by the unanimous voice of a numerous and applauding assembly. [Southwestern Farmer.]

MUSTARD IN CONVULSIONS. We find that Chas. S. Tripler, M. D., surgeon U. S. army, recommends the use of mustard in the convulsions of children.—He remarks, that, "from my experience of the remedy, I do not hesitate to recommend its employment in these troublesome cases, in preference to any internal remedies with which I am acquainted."

HALE'S LETTER EXPRESS. Mr. J. W. Hale, the Independent Postmaster General, informs the editor of the N. Y. Mirror that upwards of 91,000 letters have passed through his New York office within the past month.

From the London Punch.

Mr. Caudle's Curious Lectures.

Mr. Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle Indignant and Curious.

"Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end to the marriage state—an end to all confidence between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself—Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still, not that I care much about it—still, I should like to know—There's a dear. Eh! Oh! don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well, Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint!—Now don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say—and that's why I am determined to know it.

But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you would not be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to woman for a man to be a free mason, and let the wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

And I suppose they call you brother Caudle! A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnip man, for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? Well, I'd just wish I was Queen for a day or too. I'd put an end to free masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

Now, come, Caudle; don't let us quarrel. Eh! you are not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

And you are not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not—Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it, by this time. I only wish I had a secret. To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

Was there ever such a man? A man indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling brute creature—when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say, it is its only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me, you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

But I know why; oh yes, I can tell. The fact is, you are ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle. And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge, every night now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren—Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough, you didn't want any more.

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, say, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle!—Caud—

"I recollect nothing more, says Caudle, 'for here, thank Providence, I fell asleep.'"

Wait.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, (United States), where the pulse of life beats with feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful.—Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle—there is such a din—such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept into the main. The voices of the present say—come! But the voices of the past say—wait! With calm and solemn footsteps, the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man

wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, endeavor, always willing and fulfilling his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so it be the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition, to care so much about fame—about what the world says of us. To be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say—to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you, you will see men, who are wearing life away in the feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell, that tolls them to their early graves. Unhappy men, and unsuccessful; because their purpose, is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the "trick and fantasy of fame;" and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And moreover, there will be no misgivings—no disappointment—no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement. [Professor Longfellow's Hyperion.

Extraordinary Sagacity of a Cat.

We have the following anecdote from an unquestionable source, and assure our readers that the statement may be relied on:—

A gentleman of this city had two cats upon his premises, related by the ties of mother and daughter—both of which were blessed with a litter of kittens at about the same time. Not many days after, the two mothers were observed sitting together in the shed, and intently eyeing each other, as if holding a consultation.

After the lapse of several minutes thus spent, the younger cat returned to her kitten, only one having lived, and brought it to the older cat, which still kept her place. This kitten she placed directly before her mother, and then sat down not far from it. The two parents looked again at each other for some time, when the older retreated, leaving the kitten where the other had placed it.

The mother again took up her mewling offspring and once more approached her recumbent companion, when the same ceremony was repeated with similar effect. This occurred several times, when the older cat, as if influenced by the mute appeal of the mother, took up the strange kitten thus forced upon her charity, conveyed it to the spot where her darling were deposited, and, to all appearances, adopted it as her own.

The younger cat, having thus seen the object of her solicitude provided for, retired slowly to her straw, where she was soon after taken with a fit, and almost immediately died. We leave it for naturalists to explain whether the invalid cat was aware of her speedy dissolution or not; or whether what we call instinct, in the lower order of animals, does not occasionally approach very near to what is termed reason among the human species. [New Haven Cour.

WASHINGTON MARKET.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, taking the opportunity of a dearth of political news, gives some interesting reminiscences of marketing in Washington.

"Our vegetable market, too, presents as choice and as great a variety, and, I believe, cheaper than that of any city in the Union. A vast improvement has been made in this respect, within the last ten years.

"During Mr. Jefferson's administration, vegetables could scarcely be got here at all. They were brought from a distance and sold at high prices. A venerable gentleman, then a member of Congress from Virginia, has told me that he often saw Mrs. Gallatin stop a country cart, in her anxiety to procure something for her table, and lucky was any one to get chickens, eggs, peas, or cabbage.

"At a later period, Mr. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury, used to procure his supply of vegetables in that market, from the Mount Vernon vicinity, thought it derogatory to their dignity, at this day, to deal in such truck.

"General Washington was the first who set them the example of sending them a market cart, with vegetables, fruits, and other products, to the cities of the District. There are those now living in Alexandria who speak with much pleasure and pride of having seen the *Pater Patrie* himself at the Alexandria market; and of having often purchased vegetables in that market, from the Mount Vernon vicinity. At a later period, Mrs. Monroe used to supply our market with very fine fresh butter from the President's farm in London."

The Beauties of Nature.

Nature at length has assumed her most lovely aspect. How delightful it is to look around and behold the earth carpeted with green, trees arrayed in their verdant garb, while plants and flowers deck and enliven the meadows spot of earth. As nature's songsters seem to sing praises to the hand of Omnipotence, while green lanes, and sweet sequestered spots are spread before the enraptured mind. And gladly we view hills and mountains arrayed along the horizon, as they rise above the broad and fertile level. On such a morning as this, how the "soul has been drawn with aken force from evil thoughts of kindness and love." Here among these rural scenes the lover of nature may delight to rove. Here the afflicted mind may find consolation by traversing mountain scenery, and mingling in the social amusements of the day. This may well be called the garden of New England, the boast and pride of the world. When we rise, our drooping spirits are revived and refreshed by the morning breeze which flows from the surrounding verdure, which seems to give the mind its highest enchantment; and our praise is due only to nature's God. And when all nature is hushed in her sweet repose, and evening spreads her dusky mantle, we may listen to the soft and long song of the phoebe, wafted sweetly by the breeze of evening. Even at such seasons, how can the reflecting fail to exclaim, that the Author of events and the Preserver of life, is love? [Olive Branch.

CURIOSITY AT THE TABERNACLE. The identical church used by the "Daughters of the Daughter," was placed upon the stage at the Tabernacle this morning. It is an old fashioned arm chair, with high back, primitive in appearance, but to every one who has read the "Daughters of the Daughter," by Leigh Richmond, it possesses impressive and touching interest. Chinaman, an intelligent young man, also had a seat upon the stage, dressed in full Chinese costume. He seemed to look with calmness, and even delight, upon the vast and beautiful assemblage; he gave close attention to all the proceedings, and kept his fan in constant motion during the entire session of the Society. He recently arrived here from the Celestial Empire with one of the Missionaries. [N. Y. Express.

ACCIDENT IN THE MINES.—A serious and distressing accident occurred in the mines of Messrs. Wm. Milnes & Co., at Pottsville, on Thursday. Fire-damp was discovered in one of the breasts, and several of the men were employed in driving it out, when from some cause, it is supposed from a lamp hung at the top of the gangway, the damp was fired. Four men and a boy were severely burned. One of the men, Patrick Bodkin, is since dead. Thomas Bodkin and Wm. Powell were very badly burned, but are now doing well; the other two, Tiley, the boy, and Mr. Beckley, were not so much injured.

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1845.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in Kennebec County, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work. of all kinds, as neatly executed, and at fair rates, at the Farmer Office, as at any other establishment this side of the "City of Notions." Fancy jobs, printed with all the different colored inks.

A word to Subscribers. Those of our subscribers who think of soon sending us money by post, will bear in mind that the new postage law goes into operation on the first of July, which deprives Post Masters of the present privilege of transmitting, free of postage, money to newspaper publishers; therefore, by remitting before that time, it will save postage.

Town Meeting—Clearing the River. The reader will see that the selectmen have called a special meeting of the voters of Augusta, on Monday next, (26th instant,) to decide the proposition as to the improvement of navigation on the Kennebec. Let there be a full attendance, so that there may be a fair expression of the people's will. Vote as you think the interest of the town as a whole demands.

Great Sale of Stock.

By reference to the advertising columns of the Farmer, the reader will see that Mr. Prentice of Mount Hope, near Albany, N. Y., proposes to sell to the highest bidder, on the 25th of June, a pair of the whole (except a small reserve) of his extensive herd of Improved Short Horned Cattle, consisting of bulls, cows and heifers. These animals, the pedigrees of which are given in the last number of the Albany Cultivator, we are assured, are all that they have been "cracked up" to be. This opportunity for farmers to purchase the best blooded stock in the country, is a rare one; and we trust that those of our Northerners who are desirous of obtaining such animals, will not let this chance pass by unimproved. Those who would like to purchase, and cannot conveniently attend the sale, can transmit directions to our old friend Sanford Howard, a Kennebecer, who now resides in Albany, and he, they may rest assured, will serve them faithfully, and make purchases with the same care and discretion as though he were trading for himself. We have perfect confidence in his judgment and faithfulness. His address is, "Sanford Howard, Cultivator office, Albany, N. Y." For further particulars relative to the stock and sale, see advertisement.

Magnetic Telegraph to England.

A visionary in the New York Tribune proposes to establish a Magnetic Telegraph to England. He thinks a heavy wire, coated so as to defend it from the corrosion of the sea water, might be started from the coast of Maine, or Nova Scotia, and reeled off on board the Steamers until it reached the English coast. It would sink down out of the way of shipping or anchors, and might be used for magnetic communication. He thinks there would be but two troubles to overcome—one is the corrosion, which might destroy the wire—the other the liability to break by its weight. Now we think there are many more. Would not the mermaids get to performing on the slack rope and destroy it—or some big whale bump his head against it and break it—or the sea serpent get snarled up in it and play the mischief?

We think he had better adopt Professor Morse's plan of sending the magnetic fluid across rivers without a crossing wire. Just suppose the Atlantic a huge river, and place wires up and down each shore. We believe the wires must be three times as long as the river is wide. If that is the case you could lay them back and forth times enough to get the power to shoot across. As the Tribune man says, Professor Morse "may take it into consideration."

UP SALT RIVER.—There is a region this side of the Rocky Mountains made up of salt. The hills are salt, and the plains are salt, and the rivers are salt. An Officer of the U. S. Dragoons, writes in the New Orleans Tropic, that he came across a territory several miles long, that was crusted over with a cake of salt, that shone in the sun like a mirror.

Now what's the use of boring down into the earth hundreds of feet for salt springs, and of going to Turk's Island for salt? Just put a railroad through to the salt river country, and send in a flock of Live Yankees, and they'll soon fix you out with salt enough to pickle all creation.

JOCITY.—The city of Nauvoo is hereafter to be called the city of Joseph. For brevity's sake we recommend the faithful, and the unfaithful, too, to call it "Jocity."

SERIOUS COIN. A Philadelphia paper says a large quantity of spurious silver is in circulation in that city, very difficult to distinguish from the genuine. If it should come this way we should not be able to detect it, because, forsooth, we have none of the *simon pure* to compare it with.

COME AT LAST. We had a glorious fall of rain on Saturday and Sunday last. Mother Earth now looks altogether different from what she did a few days since. The grass has moved space and is decidedly green; the herds on a thousand hills are rejoiced at the prospect of good feed; the dairywomen are grateful for the increased flow of milk; and husbandmen in general clap their hands and are thankful for this propitious change.

THE "NATIVE EAGLE" is the title of a new, neat, racy, daily paper, lately started in the city of Philadelphia, by an association of gentlemen, and edited by Peter Sken Smith. It advocates the principles of the Native American party, or American Republican party, and besides its political reading, it contains a daily synopsis of the passing events of the world. Subscription price, four dollars per annum.

LENGTNY. Gov. Wright's veto message of the bill in relation to canals in New York, occupies about eight columns of the Albany Argus. Wright is great at writing, and perhaps at righting, matters and things. He is an old bachelor, which may account in part for the great length of his official documents—having no babies to tend or Caudle wife to lecture him, his time is all his own.

THE GOLDEN AGE COME AGAIN.—The Philadelphia Ledger says that Gold is the ruling power in England, and "associated wealth is the Dynasty of Modern States." "Corruption has displaced force, and Gold rules instead of the sword." We think he is above half right. But it is principally "Dutch Gold," one half Brass.

An Old Relic.

The editor of the Richmond (Va.) Star, "Corporal Streator," has in his possession a file of papers published in 1778, from which he takes the following, printed in old style:

George Manley, lately executed at Wicklow, Ireland, for murder, behaved in a strange and undaunted manner; and at the Tree spoke thus—
"My friends—You are assembled to see—What?—A Man take a leap into the Abyss of Death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much Courage as Curlew, when he leapt into the Gulf to save his Country from Destruction. What then will you see of me? You say that no Man without Virtue can be courageous. You see I am courageous. You'll say, I have killed a Man—Marlborough killed his thousands, and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like are famous in History for Great Men. But I killed one solitary Man—Ay, that's the Case—one solitary Man—I'm a little Murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered Countries. They were Great Men, I ran in Debt with the Alewife, I must be hanged.

"Now, friends, I have drawn a Parallel between two of the Greatest Men that ever lived, and myself; but these were Men of former days. Now I'll speak a Word of some of the present Days: How many Men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a King in Poland! Both Sides could not be in the Right; they were Great Men; but I killed a solitary Man—I'm a little Fellow. The King of Spain takes his Ships, plunders our Merchants, kills and tortures our Men; but what of all that? What he does is good; he's a Great Man, he's clothed in purple, his Instruments of Murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty Gun; and so much for that. Now I would fain know, what Authority there is in the Scripture for a rich Man to murder, to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole Countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor Man to death for killing a solitary Man, or for stealing a solitary Sheep to feed his Family. But bring the Matter closer home to our Country: What is the Difference between running in a poor Man's Debt, and the Power of Gold, or any other Privilege, preventing him from obtaining his Right, and clapping a Pistol to a Man's Breast, and taking from him his Purse? Yet the one shall thereby obtain a Coach, and Horses, and Titles, &c. The other—What?—A Cart and a Rope.

There is a good deal of truth in the above, and much food for reflection. Our greatest rascals generally go unpunished of justice, while the smaller ones receive full punishment. The man of high standing in society, who commits a forgery and thus obtains a large amount of money, if caught, generally escapes just punishment through the influence of his wealthy relations, and continues to carry his head as high as ever; but the poor man who may deem it his duty to steal a few of the necessities of life, to keep his offspring from tumbling into the grave of starvation, if caught, is thrust into prison, and not a drop of mercy shown him. He is a *miserable scamp!* while the former is an *unfortunate gentleman.* The man who plunders the public treasury is thought but little less of, after all, and many times is considered a gentleman; but he who is less aspiring, and contents himself by robbing a hen roost, is pounced upon as a being indeed hideous, and very dangerous to society. The principle is the same in both cases, but the amount wrongfully obtained decides the matter as to respectability, and as to whether thereafter the man is to be considered a gentleman or a rascal. A thief is a thief, whether he be clothed in purple and fine linen, or in rags, the present standard of theft to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a lamentable fact, and one which cannot be denied, that corruption, clothed in riches, is caressed in society, where virtue, in the habiliments of poverty, would be rejected as a nuisance. Money, the best way we can fix it, is a mighty lever, by which many, destitute of talent, and the first principles of a virtuous and good life, have pushed themselves through the world as beings worthy of imitation—and yet they are beings who have kept the outside of the platter clean, while the inner has been full of corruption.

Here is another scrap, taken from this file of old newspapers, which shows that Mermaids and Mermen were not unfrequently caught in days of yore:—
Exeter, July 12. A strange Fish was taken just within the harbor, by Robert Heath, (the Person who caught 2 Fishes by People in general called Mermaids in September and May last,) supposed by many to be the Triton, or Merman, of the Antients, being four feet and a half in length, having a body much resembling that of a man, with jointed Legs and Feet, extending from his Belly 12 or 13 inches, with Fins at his Thighs, and larger ones, like Wings, in the form of which those of Angels are often painted, at his Shoulders, with a broad Head in uncommon form, a Mouth 6 inches wide, Smellers, or a kind of Whiskers at his Nostrils, and two Spout Holes behind his Eye, through which he ejected Water, when taken, 30 or 40 Feet high.

Where you will find the nicest Hoe.

We have recently become acquainted, both theoretically and practically, with one of Hale & Larnes's hoes, manufactured at their establishment at West Waterville, in this county, and must say, that for good proportion, beauty of finish, and the ease with which they go through the "diggings," they excel most if not all the rest. We used to think the Perkins' hoes were the *ne plus ultra* of the hoe genus, but the Waterville hoe is equal to them in every thing, unless it be durability, and we are inclined to think it will compete well with them on that score. We are glad to see the manufacture of this indispensable agricultural tool flourishing among us, and we hope our farmers, who are in want of a first-rate hoe, will try one of these. They are neat-made of good stuff—well finished, and of reasonable price. Try them.

THE Steamer John Marshall arrived at this port yesterday (Wednesday) at half past nine o'clock A. M. She will leave for Boston to-day (Thursday) at half past 2 P. M.

A SLAYER CAPTURED. Sch Spifire, (of N. Orleans) arrived at this port this morning, a prize to the U. S. brig Truxton, in command of Lieut. Washington Reid; Samuel Wilcox, seaman.—The Spifire, Peter Flower, master, was seized in the Rio Pongo, coast of Africa, on suspicion of being engaged in the slave trade by the boats of U. S. brig Truxton, in the charge of Lieut. Simon F. Blunt, co-operating with the boats of H. B. M. steamer Abanti, under the charge of Lieutenant Johnson.—The boats went alongside under English colours, and ordered the schooner to show her colors on the penalty of being seized as a pirate. The American ensign was then hoisted at her gun, and the colors immediately shifted in the boats, and the schooner taken charge of, evidence having been lodged against her as having already made a successful trip from the same place to the island of Cuba, with 346 slaves, under the command of Capt. Gordon, lately in command of the Manchester, by Thomas Turner, who seemed in both vessels as Captain G. A. mate. She was then known by the name of Cavallo, and was built in Baltimore, whence she sailed via New York, in 1842. She was afterwards sold, and her register returned to Baltimore. Her present crew also testified as to her intention of receiving slaves. [Boston Journal.

THE L. O. of O. F. in Danbury, Conn., celebrated their anniversary last week, in that town. A fair day, excellent addresses, good music and other entertainments, combined to render the festivities of the occasion extremely pleasant. At the close of the services, the Order took up a collection as a contribution to the poor of the Congregational Church in that place. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.—We learn from the West that Col. Kearney, with several troops of his regiment of dragoons, and in pursuance of standing orders from the general in chief of 1842, will set out in this month, to make an extensive tour of the prairies beyond. He is to visit numerous tribes of Indians; to counsel them to respect our fur-traders and Oregon emigrants, to maintain peace among themselves, and to impress all with the friendship, the vigilance, and the power of the United States. If the horses should be able to maintain themselves on *pasturage alone*, he may go as far as Fort Laramie, (a trader's work,) in the South Pass of the Rocky mountains. The expedition will make a wide sweep, embracing prices to the consumer. It cannot have escaped the notice of commercial readers that several vessels have been reported within a few days as returning from the Spanish West Indies with their outward cargoes, a thing of most rare occurrence. One of these vessels, it was said, could have sold her cargo at not less than a value of \$3000, exclusive of its expenses. Their cargoes are lumber, required to pack the sugar and molasses for market, the demand for which is so great, that this year the business of manufacturing these necessities has been at a great loss. The loss on this branch of trade falls almost entirely upon Maine, the white pine lumber of which is used for sugar boxes and her other lumber to contain the molasses of Cuba, Porto Rico, and for the supplies of the other islands. The demand of Cuba, last year, was fully 800,000 boxes, worth in Maine, \$500,000, and paying to the maker and shipper a handsome profit. This year the demand is so limited that they will not pay cost at Cuba, while the supplies are larger than ever. There is no alternative with the owners but to bring them back and store them for another season.

The manufacture of these boxes is chiefly carried on at Wicasset, Ellsworth, Frankfort, Bath and vicinity, where there are extensive machinery sawing them out with the greatest rapidity. The demand for shooks, heading and hoops, has been alike diminished, and altogether the lumbermen will not have much out of this part of their trade. Last year was one of extra profit to them, and this description of lumber was in very active demand, and everything of the sort was picked up with the greatest eagerness, so that, putting the two years together, a fair business will be done; but the turn this trade has taken is a strong example of the disadvantage a particular branch of business suffers by the changes in another branch, with which there is not apparently any very close connexion. [New York Express.

THE GREAT RACE on Long Island between Peytona and Fashion terminated in favor of Peytona, the southern horse. The concourse of spectators was immense. It was a splendid race; we have had nothing equal since the days of Eclipse.

First heat—Won by Peytona by two lengths, in 7m. 39.3-4s.

Second heat—Won by Peytona by one length, in 7m. 44.1-2.

Of course the third heat was not run. The track was heavy with dust, and all the accounts agree that though the time was extraordinary, Peytona beat with ease, and is capable of doing still more, if necessary. Fashion, though beaten, retains her honor and admirers. She is eight years old, and was rode by Jos. Laird, carrying 123 pounds weight. Peytona is six years old, and was rode by Barney, (P. C. Palmer) carrying 118 pounds weight. The amount of money which changes hands is very large, probably two or three hundred thousand dollars, and the southerners rejoice, for substantial reasons, in the speed of their young and unrivalled mare.

Never, says the Courier and Enquirer, was there witnessed on any course, so beautiful a race. During the whole eight miles run, the nags were lapping each other with the exception of about a quarter of a mile. They might literally have been covered with a blanket. But this, it must be admitted, was entirely owing to the fact that the rider of Peytona was conscious of her superior foot and bottom, and felt that he had it all his own way.

THE POSTAGE BILL.—We publish from the U. S. Journal a condensed view of the rates of postage upon letters, newspapers, and pamphlets, as regulated by the new law of the last Congress, which goes into operation on the first day of July next:

On Letters.

Single letters, or any number of pieces not exceeding half an ounce, 30 miles or less 5 cents.
If over 30 miles, 10 "
Drop letters (not mailed) 2 "
For each additional half ounce or part thereof, add single postage thereto.

On Newspapers.

Newspapers of 1900 square inches or less, sent by editors or publishers, from their offices of publication, any distance not exceeding 30 miles, Free.
Over 30 miles and not exceeding 100 1 cent.
Over 100 miles, and out of the State, 11-2 "
All sizes over 1900 square inches, postage same as pamphlets.

On Pamphlets, &c.

Pamphlets, Magazines, and periodicals, any distance, for one ounce or less, each copy 2 "
Each additional ounce or fractional part thereof 11-2 "

On Circulars.

Quarto post, single cap, or paper not larger than single cap, folded, directed, and unsealed, for every sheet, any distance, 2 "
[Noel's Saturday Gazette.

EXTENSIVE SALE OF PUBLIC LANDS.—Sales of public lands, to the extent of 5,000,000 acres and upwards, lying in the northwest, west, and southwest sections of the country, are advertised to take place in the course of the ensuing summer and autumn. In Wisconsin Territory, about 370,000 acres of choice lands, lying on and between Fox and Wolf rivers, and immediately contiguous to Green Bay and Lake Winnebago, will be brought into market in October next.

In Iowa two and a third millions of acres are to be sold in September and October. In Illinois, upwards of 90,000 acres of rich bottom lands will be brought into market, embracing tracts on the Mississippi and islands in that river, with small detached bodies of land not heretofore offered for sale.

In Missouri, upwards of a million of acres will be offered for sale, embracing tracts in the north, northwest, west, and southwest parts of the State. In Arkansas there will also be brought into market about \$1,000,000 acres, embracing nine townships in the new district of Champagnole.

In Louisiana, about 154,000, and in Florida, upwards of 600,000 acres of fine sugar and cotton lands will be offered for sale.

FIRE.—A fire broke out about half past 12 yesterday morning, in the Livery Stable back of the Catholic Church, in Franklin street. The building—owned by J. E. Lodge, and occupied by Rufus Bigelow—was partially destroyed. Four horses and several carriages and sleighs were also consumed. [Boston Bee.

We regret to learn that Judge Sutherland, whose health has been long declining, and who reached Albany a few days since, on his return to Geneva, from a winter's residence at the South, died in the first named city, on Monday afternoon. He was an eminently good man, and will be universally and deeply mourned. [N. Y. Jour. of Com.

WAR RUMORS.—It has been announced that the London creditors of Illinois have loaned \$1,000,000 loan. When it is remembered that one party to the government, the fact of the loans being decided at this juncture, is very significant of peaceful intentions. The Mexican accounts are equally peaceful. That State has not made any demonstration of independence to Texas on conditions of the Union, as expected, and the fact that the offer has been made, narrows down the question to the mere fact, whether the mere difference between a mere fact, dependence and a confederation with the Union, is of itself, of such importance to Mexico, as to involve her in a war to prevent it. It would seem that it is not, and that the offer is a mere step towards establishing the whole question. [New York Morning News.

RHODE ISLAND LEGISLATURE.—We copy a portion of the proceedings of Friday from the Newport Mercury:—

In Senate, the bill for an Amnesty, and release of Thomas W. Dorr, occupied the whole day; it was finally referred to a committee, to report at the June session, by a vote of 18 to 14.

In the House, Mr. Fenner moved for the appointment of a committee, to bring in a bill for the unconditional release of Thomas W. Dorr, from the State Prison, and also B. Bosworth and Wilbur Heath from the jail in Bristol; after a long debate, the resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 19 to 28.

The petitions for the release of Thomas W. Dorr were then referred to a committee, to report at the June session.

An act passed that B. Bosworth and W. Heath, who were sentenced to six months imprisonment, at the late term of the Supreme Court in Bristol, for offences against the State, be released from prison, on their taking the oath of allegiance.

The Governor communicated the resolutions of the Legislature of Maine, relative to the imprisonment of Dorr. Referred to a committee, to report at the June session.

The Legislature was expected to adjourn at a late hour on Friday evening, to meet again at Newport in June.

CONNECTICUT.—The Message of Governor Billings, states that at the close of the fiscal year, there was a balance in the Treasury of \$253,300.90. Besides which there is a permanent fund of \$400,000, the income of which is applicable to the ordinary civil list expenses of government; also a school fund of over \$2,000,000. Connecticut is free from debt.

The present number of prisoners in the State Prison, is 194, of whom 13 are females. The profits at the Prison during the year, amounted to \$2,301.93.

The enrolled militia of the State numbers 49,991 men, being 2,988 more than were ever before returned. Of the whole number, 150 companies, comprising an aggregate of 5771 men, are specially drilled, and in a high state of discipline.

BAPTIST CONVENTION.—The Southern Baptist Convention met at Augusta, Geo., on the 8th inst.; about 300 delegates were present. The object of this Convention was to form a Southern organization for missionary purposes. A committee was chosen to present a report and resolutions. In their report, the committee say: "The Boston Board have in their answer to the Alabama resolutions, most clearly and unnecessarily exceeded their power, and violated their trusts." They further say, that the refusal of the Board of Missions to employ slave holders, is an innovation, a departure from established usage, and a violation of the original terms on which the Board was formed. They therefore call on the friends of the Triennial Convention, and the lovers of

The Muse.

[From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

We are Growing Old.

We are growing old—how thought will rise
When a gleam of blue light comes
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our earthly vows,
Or the tomb of early years;
But it seems like a far off tale to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow:
For deep or many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that earthly mark—
Oh, friends! we are growing old.
Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burned memory bears.
Each form may wear the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days,
Which the morning never met.
But Oh! the changes we have seen,
In the far and winding road,
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The subtle and the golden years,
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old.
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living fountains whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the love of many a page;
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?
Will it come again the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the springtime then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that were growing old.

Let There Be Light.

The following comparison of the outward and visible
glories of creation, with prospects that are opening on so-
ciety from the light of knowledge, is extracted from one of
the poems of Ebenezer Elliott, called the Poet of the Poor,
who is a poor iron miner of Sheffield, England, but rich
indeed his intellectual powers: [Native Eagle.]

God said let there be light:
Grim darkness felt his might
And fled away
Then started seas and mountains cold
Shone forth all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—'Tis day! 'tis day!
The light! the light! exclaimed
The thunderous clouds that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose in crimson dress'd,
Leaned sweetly o'er the lily's breast
And blushing murmur'd—'Light.'
Then was the skylark born,
Then rose the colorful corn—
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And in still night the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive rays:
Lo! heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo! trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom.
And shall the immortal sons of God
Be envious as the autumnal cloud,
And darker than the tomb?
No—by the mind of man;
By the smart artisan;
By God, our sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Should see and feel its fire.
By earth—and hell and heaven!
The shadow of souls is risen;
Mind—mind alone!
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;
Earth's deepest night in this blessed hour,
The night of mind is gone!

The Story Teller.

The Awakened Heart.

My schoolmate, Lizzie L., was one of those
gay, thoughtless, high-hearted beings, whom
everybody likes, but who rarely awaken a
deep and abiding interest in one's heart. Be-
fore we can truly love our companions we
must have wept as well as laughed with them,
they must have called forth the hidden sym-
pathies of our nature; we must share their sor-
rows no less than their joys, and this is as true
in childhood as in later life. Now, Lizzie's
heart was always so full of joyousness, that
those of a less glad temper were often
oppressed and overpowered by her gaiety.—
Her susceptibility to outward impressions was
so great, that it gave her the semblance not
only of fickleness, but even of insincerity; and
they who sounded the depths and shallows of
her girlish character found no anchorage
ground for their faith. Her parents had died
when she was little more than an infant, and
Lizzie would have been thrown upon the cold
charity of the world, had it not been for the
kindness of a gentleman who had been her
father's bosom friend from boyhood. He took
the child to his house, and placing her under
the charge of a sister, who presided over his
bachelor's household, avowed his determina-
tion to protect and provide for the orphan.—
Had Lizzie been older when these circum-
stances occurred, a sense of gratitude might
have given more depth to her feelings, but the
effect now was rather an injurious one, since it
exonerated her from those claims of tenderness
which naturally spring up in the relation be-
tween parent and child. She had no ties of blood
to any living creature, and as the unbroken
prosperity of her benefactors deprived her of
all opportunity of making those daily self-sac-
rifices which, under other circumstances, her
gratitude might have suggested, she grew up
towards womanhood without having one deep
emotion awakened in her bosom. Gentle,
sweet-tempered and joyous, she yet seemed
totally deficient in the power of earnest feeling.
She resembled one of those beautiful Chinese
drawings, where bird and flowers and butter-
fly are delicately drawn and exquisitely col-
ored, but where the total absence of all shadows
so fatigues the eye, that it gladly turns to some
less resplendent and more softly-tinted picture.
After leaving school I lost sight of Lizzie
for about two years, when I met her at a fash-
ionable watering place, attended by her guar-
dian and his sister. Mr. Weldon was one of
those well preserved specimens of manly beau-
ty, which seems to defy all attempts at ver-
ifying dates. A stranger might have thought
him somewhere about five-and-thirty, while
those who remembered his face about town for
the last twenty years, knew that he must be
much older. Yet the absence of all those
daily cares which wear so much upon the phys-
ical frame, had enabled him to retain much of
his youthfulness of appearance, while a ju-
dicious use of the convenient appliance of
art, enabled him to supply the ravages of time.
He was handsome in person, grave and digni-
fied in manner, affluent in his circumstances,
liberal and good-natured in disposition, and re-
markable for nothing so much as his tendency
to abstract speculations, and his fondness of

books, which he devoured with a voracity that
effectually prevented all healthy digestion of
their contents. Naturally studious in his hab-
its, his large patrimony had left him without a
motive for active exertion; and his veneration
for true genius led him to despise the temporary
reputation of popular authorship. He had
therefore, given himself up to the pleasure of
literary idleness, and contented himself with
enjoying the fruits of other men's labor, with-
out putting forth his hand to scatter the seed
which might have grown up into a stately tree,
for the over-shadowing of some future way-
farer in the rugged path of learning.

His sister, Miss Weldon, was a real old
school spinster. Tall, thin and as upright as
if her back had never been allowed to repose
its perpendicularity during the last half cen-
tury, with a face of most decided ugliness, but
full of benevolent expression, she was as rigid
and unbending in character as she seemed in
person. Extremely exacting in small matters,
but remarkably liberal in all important ones,
she would reprimand a servant with excessive
severity for neglecting to brush away a cob-
web, while she would exercise the utmost
charity toward a moral failing! In short, she
was one of those persons who so often shock
our instinctive sense of justice, that their opin-
ions become at length of little importance, and
their influence is rather injurious than ben-
eficial to those of more impulsive character.

Lizzie had grown up very beautiful, but her
infantile expression of countenance had gained
no shadow from the impending duties of wo-
manhood, and it was easy to perceive that the
high-heartedness which characterized her early
days, was still her prevailing trait. Her
cheek was as round and rosy, her lips as bright
her blue eyes as full of mirth as in childhood.
But her golden hair had a tinge deeper brown
upon its rich curls, her brows were darker and
more firmly pencilled, and the long black lashes
which fringed her laughing eyes, gave a
new and pleasing softness to their expression.
Her extreme beauty attracted around her all
those butterflies of fashion, who flutter their
brief season in the sunshine of gay life; and
the wealth of him whom the world considered
her father by adoption, gave new zest to the
admiration which her loveliness excited. I
thought, however, that I could perceive some-
thing like disquiet in the watchfulness with
which Mr. Weldon regarded Lizzie and her
admirers. Indeed, the evident annoyance
which he once or twice displayed, when her
sylvan-like form was whirled through the mazes
of a waltz, in the arm of a tall, black-whisk-
ered beau, convinced me that there was some-
thing more than paternal fondness in his pru-
dent care for her.

I was little surprised, therefore, when, in
the course of the following winter, I received
an invitation to attend the nuptials of Mr.
Weldon and his beautiful ward. Lizzie was
certainly one of the loveliest of brides, and
though she looked rather like the daughter
than the wife of him to whom she plighted her
faith, yet there was a gentle reverence in her
manner toward him, which seemed to promise
more happiness than usually results from such
unequal marriages. The truth was, that Mr.
Weldon, early in life, had met with one of
those disappointments, which often freeze for-
ever the deepest fountain of affection. He
could never again love with that fervor which
had characterized his first attachment, but he
was kind and affectionate in his disposition,
and his regard for Lizzie, while it was almost
paternal in its character, yet derived something
of earnestness from the absence of all ties of
actual kindred between them. He saw that
her position in society was a dangerous one,
and mingled with his disinterested wish for
her future welfare, was a natural emotion of
jealousy toward those who aspired to her fa-
vor. He finally persuaded himself that Lizzie's
happiness could be best promoted by a
continuance of the guardianship which had
watched over her childhood; and after sundry
deliberations with his sister, it was finally
decided that he should make Lizzie his wife.
It is true he was thirty years her senior, but
this disparity only made her a safer guide for
her inexperience, and the subject was at length
referred to Lizzie; but less in the form of a
proposition than as the final arrangement of a
long settled project. Lizzie was somewhat
startled at the first development of the scheme.
She reflected upon it gravely for at least an
hour—a long time in Lizzie's calendar at
thoughtfulness—and finally, having come to
the conclusion that it was a duty which her
benefactors seemed to expect of her, that Mr.
Weldon was one of the handsomest men she
knew, even if he was not very young, and that
she really liked him better than any one
else in the world—she avowed her consent to
the marriage.

Like all persons, in whom a strong sense of
inner life has never been developed, Lizzie
was very alive to all the pleasurable excite-
ments of external circumstances. In compli-
ance with her wishes, Mr. Weldon purchased
a new house, furnished it in the most luxurious
manner, and installing his sister in her wonted
dignity as housekeeper, commenced a style of
living as different as possible from his former
plain habits. Lizzie was just like a petted
and indulged child; she caressed and coaxed
her husband with so much girlish grace and
sweetness, that he never could refuse any re-
quest, however unreasonable it might seem to
his better judgment. Her good temper en-
abled her to yield so easily and so becomingly
in small matters, that she was always sure to
have her way in every thing which seemed to
contribute to her real gratification, and she was
thus enabled to indulge her taste for gayety
and expense, without in the least degree im-
pairing the harmony of her pleasant home.—
Proud of his beautiful wife, pleased with her
respect and deference with which she always
treated him, confiding implicitly in her really
good principles, and conscious that her affec-
tions never wandered from her duties, Mr.
Weldon found his highest pleasure in anticipat-
ing her every wish. His sister sometimes
remonstrated and reproved, but her opinions
had but little weight, and Lizzie was allowed
to acquire habits which were only fitted for
a life of self-indulgence; while her years fleeted
by without affording her the experience which
the ordinary chances and changes of time bring
to all.

I saw but little of Lizzie during this period,
for the dissipation in which she lived, did not
harmonize with the quiet in which my heart
found happiness. I heard continually of Mrs.
Weldon's splendid parties, of her costly equip-
ages, of her extravagance in dress, of her bril-
liant success in society and of the singular at-
tachment which subsisted between the young
wife and her elderly husband, undisturbed as
it seemed by all the allurements of society, on

the one side, and the increasing distaste to gay
life on the other. But a few years passed
away, and all was changed. Mr. Weldon,
died suddenly, and a will which bequeathed
his fine fortune to be equally divided between
his wife and sister, was found in his desk,
without signature. Miss Weldon, however,
produced a will of much earlier date, legally
executed several years previous to his mar-
riage, which gave to his sister his whole estate,
and Lizzie now found herself totally unpro-
vided for. Upon further investigation, it was
found that there had been an understanding,
many years previous between the brother and
sister, respecting the disposition of the estate;
and that each had executed a will, which se-
cured to the survivor the whole of their large
and undivided patrimony. The manifest in-
justice of such a will, after his marriage, had
suggested itself to Mr. Weldon, and he had
intended to satisfy his conscience by an equal
division, but he had deferred the fulfillment of
his design until death came to set his seal up-
on that which was already done.

When I heard of Lizzie's misfortune, all my
former interest in her was renewed, and I
was among the first who visited her in her
seclusion. I found her looking very lovely in
her grief, for she retained at five-and-twenty,
much of the fresh beauty which characterized
her at fifteen; and as her sweet young face
looked out from beneath the heavy and un-
graceful widow's cap, she seemed to be enact-
ing some piquant part in a masquerade. But
she did grieve heartily and truly for her kind
husband, and total ignorance of the wants and
value of money, led her to pay little attention
as yet, to the provisions of his unjust will. I
could not but lament the fate of one who had
lived in an atmosphere of luxury until it seem-
ed to me, she was unfitted for any other, and
when I saw her total unconsciousness of the
unfortunate predicament in which she was
placed, I could not but deprecate the injudi-
cious indulgence which had left her now with a
character half formed, and a mind but half
developed, to struggle with the exigencies of
life. But Miss Weldon, touched by Lizzie's
genuine sorrow for the dead, and her apparent
indifference to the change in her fortunes, de-
termined to fulfil in part the evident wish of
her brother. With a cautious degree of liberality,
which certainly did credit to her prudence,
she proposed to continue their splendid estab-
lishment, on the same scale of magnificence,
and offered to share with Lizzie the income
derived from Mr. Weldon's estate; thus making
the widow seemingly independent, while, in
fact, all the luxuries which use had now made
necessary for her comfort were held only at the
good will and pleasure of the spinster. This
mockery of wealth might have been rejected
by a more sensitive mind, but Lizzie had nev-
er felt any very delicate scruples on the sub-
ject of self-indulgence, and knowing that her
husband would have wished her to continue
in the company of his sister, she seemed
quite content to accept Miss Weldon's offer.—
Indeed she possessed too generous and liberal
a spirit to feel that there was any dependence
in her position, for she never dreamed that
Miss Weldon could feel that she was confer-
ring, as an obligation, what her sense of jus-
tice must have dictated to her as her duty.—
So Lizzie continued to indulge her habits of
indolence and luxury without a single fear for
the future. The protracted morning slumber,
the late breakfast served in her dressing room,
the perfumed bath, the attendance of a well
trained dressing maid at her toilet, and all the
thousand wants and whims which unlimited
wealth, and the command of a train of
obsequious servants could create, were still
allowed to fill up the measure of her days.

Among my few tried and valued friends of
the opposite sex, was one who afforded a living
proof of the doctrine of compensations; since
Heaven, in denying him all appliances of for-
tune, had bestowed upon him every thing most
desirable in the human character. Frank F.—
possessed the richest gifts of a com-
manding and powerful intellect; his brilliant
imagination, his sparkling wit, his fervid fan-
cy, his clear judgment, his correct taste, were
equally exhibited in his writings and in his
daily conversation; while his fine, genial qual-
ities, his kindness of heart, his warm affec-
tions, his tenderness of nature, and his suscep-
tibility to all generous impulses, made him
one of the most attachable as well as one of
the most admirable of men. His person was
remarkably fine, his head would have charmed
a phenologist, and his sparkling, vivid, ex-
pressive countenance, left one no opportunity
of criticising the irregularity of feature which
would have marred a less noble face. He
had passed the green spring time of youth,
but was in the very prime of manhood, and
had been called to depict the character which
came nearest to my beau ideal of the sex, I
should have drawn the portrait of my friend
Frank.

Such was the person who accidentally met
Mrs. Weldon, when, in the third year of her
widowhood she discarded the more ungraceful
portion of her weeds and returned to the gay
scenes which she had once adorned. Her
long seclusion, and the quiet touch of sorrow,
had given softness to her manners, and added
new charms to her beauty, and Frank soon be-
came deeply and desperately in love with the
gentle widow. I must confess that I was both
disappointed and grieved by this untoward
change, for I esteemed Frank too much to con-
template with patience his attachment to so
frivolous a character. The devotion of such
a heart to such an idol, seemed to me little
better than desecration. But the voice of rea-
son has little influence over the dictates of
passion, and though I availed myself of the
privilege of long tried friendship, in my re-
monstrance against the folly of such an attach-
ment, I found all my arguments of no avail.

"You do not know Mrs. Weldon," said
Frank to me one day, when I had been dis-
cussing at some length of her utter incapacity
of loving as he deserved to be loved; "you
do not know her if you believe her to be inca-
pable of strong emotions. There are some
hearts in which, as in the burning soil of a
tropical climate, passion-flowers spring up
spontaneously, but there are others where are
found only the sweet wild-flowers of the gen-
tler affections, until culture brings forth the
perfumed blossoms of a summer clime. The
full strength of Lizzie's womanly nature has
never been called forth. The joyousness of
temper, which to you seems an evidence of
frivolity, is but the overflow of a deep and
living spring of tenderness which lies un-
stirred within her bosom."

"And you can believe, Frank, that in all the
changes which come over woman's character
from childhood to youth—as a maiden, and as
a wife—can you believe that those deep affec-

tions could still remain hidden, if she really
possessed them?"
"Surely, surely," was the earnest reply, "she
never knew the strong love which binds a
daughter to the mother who watches over her
infancy, and to the father who guards her
youth; a feeling somewhat filial, but less de-
voted in its character—a feeling of mingled
respect and gratitude bound her to her husband;
the maternal instincts, which in so many hearts
supply the place of passionate emotions, have
never been awakened in her heart; her duties
have all been performed, without the need of
earnest affections; her character is but half
developed."

"And now, at eight and twenty, you expect
to discover and bring to light these precious
treasures?"

"I do; nay, more, I have already succeeded
in inspiring emotions such as never before
disturbed the calm current of her life."

"Wait till the moment of self-sacrifice comes,
and then test the value of that which you
deemed fine gold, Frank; if she could relin-
quish all her selfish indulgences, and adapt
herself perfectly and entirely to your fortunes,
I might give credit for some energy of feeling
and action, but her position places herself
above the reach of such a trial, and you will
be more likely to be spoiled by the luxury
with which your marriage will surround you."

"Good heavens! my dear madam, is it pos-
sible you do not know the penalty attached to
her union with me? Miss Weldon upon whom
her husband's sudden death left her entire-
ly dependent, has declared that in the event
of a second marriage she shall withdraw the
allowance she has hitherto permitted her to
derive from the estate."

"Can it be possible? What then is to be
done?"

"For my part I am glad of it, since it obvi-
ates my only objection to wedding the object
of my tenderest love. I would not have the
world give me credit for a prudential marriage,
and when we are united Lizzie will be as poor
as myself."

"And has she consented to be your wife at
such a sacrifice?"

"I have a great mind not to satisfy your
ungenerous doubts. We are to be married
next week."

"But what are you going to do, Frank, with
so perfectly useless a wife?"

"I am going to settle in the West, that El-
dorado of all imprudent and unsuccessful peo-
ple."

I laughed heartily at this wild project.—
"What, take Lizzie to a log-cabin, and expect
her to cook your bacon and knead your bread?
Why, Frank, she never rises in the morning
until eleven o'clock, and then cannot breakfast
except upon French chocolate, served up in
Sèvres china."

"She will learn better, and be all the hap-
pier in the novelty of a different kind of life."

I shook my head with a most knowing ex-
pression of doubt and dissatisfaction, and our
conversation ended.

A second time I saw Lizzie arrayed as a
bride, and if she had lost some of the fresh-
ness of her glad youth, I fancied she had gained
something more elevated and noble from the
daily contemplation of moral excellence in
her lover. But when I looked on Frank, and
remembered that he was now, in the lowest
ebb of fortune, and that he was uniting to his
own the destiny of a creature nursed in the
lap of luxury, I could have wept at my own
melancholy forebodings.

Miss Weldon fulfilled her threat, for her in-
dignation at Lizzie's second marriage knew
no bounds, and the gentle widow was a por-
tionless and penniless bride. A few weeks
were given to the enjoyment of society and
then the newly wedded pair wended their way
to the far West.

Twelve months had elapsed after their de-
parture when I was gladdened by a letter from
Frank F.—

"How you would wonder," he said, "if you
could look in upon us now. Lizzie is actual-
ly cooking a piece of bacon for my dinner, and
its savory smell mingles with the rich steam
and corn bread which she has just placed upon
the table. Our house is divided into two
apartments—one is our parlor, kitchen and
hall,—the other is our bed chamber, and Lizzie's
taste has contrived to give an air of com-
fort to the desolate dwelling. Instead of rising
at eleven, Lizzie is up with the sun, and her
first care is to bring me a cup of soft, warm
water for my toilet, (for she insists upon my
shaving every day, though in this part of the
country it is only a weekly luxury.) While I
am performing this operation she prepares our
breakfast, and though it is not made of French
chocolate, nor drank from any more costly
cups than common white delf, yet we enjoy it
with an appetite such as only health and
happiness can give. I wish you could see
how sweet Lizzie looks in her calico dress and
clean check-apron. She is a little browned by
the sun, and her hands are sadly soiled, but
she is lovelier than ever. I wish you could
see her, if it were only to convince you of the
truth of my prediction. The fountain of affec-
tion has been unsealed, its waters have found
a channel broad and deep, and never did man
drink from a purer and more refreshing stream."

"Wonders will never cease," said I to my-
self as I folded the letter. "Lizzie F.—
cooking, baking, waiting upon her lazy hus-
band, wearing check aprons and—pshaw, it is
nothing but a lover's exaggeration."

By and by another letter brought me tid-
ings of an addition to their happiness.—
Lizzie was a mother; her baby was a sturdy
boy, as pretty as its mother, and with every
promise of being as robust as its father.—
"How will the baking and boiling go on now,"
thought I, "with this new claimant upon Lizzie's
time?" But there came no murmurs from the
frequent letters which I received from both
my friends, and I must confess that the refined
and intellectual tone of Lizzie's epistolary
communications struck me with surprise.—
She seemed to have undergone a complete
metamorphosis, and, excepting in her sunny
cheerfulness, I could discern no trace of the
light-minded, frivolous, indolent woman of
fashion.

Seven years passed away, and then another
change came over the fortunes of the twin.—
Miss Weldon, afflicted with a lingering illness,
which, while it brought death to watch beside
her pillow, still allowed her time to lay aside
her prejudices and animosities. She had no
relative to inherit her wealth, and the remem-
brance of the child whom she had reared from
infancy, came to her like a gentle vision.—
She would fain have summoned Lizzie to her
sick bed, but it was too late. She died all that
she now could however, and with the news

of her death, which I was deputed to convey
to my friends, I was enabled also to make them
acquainted with their accession to a large and
unnumbered property. Of course the log-
cabin was speedily abandoned, and among the
list of arrivals at the Astor house was soon
numbered the name of Frank F.— Esq.,
and family. I hastened to offer my congratu-
lations, and I hope I may be pardoned if a
little curiosity to witness time's changes in
Lizzie, mingled with my better feelings. But
Lizzie was one of those happy creatures whom
Love renovates faster than Time can despoil.
Her person had acquired a noble fullness, with-
out losing the slightest portion of its grace, and
her face was as radiant in its fresh beauty as
if she had numbered only weeks instead of
years, during the latter half of her life. She
showed me her three healthy children, fat,
chubby little creatures, full of health and
spirits as all healthy children should be, and
the pride which sparkled in her eye left me in
no doubt as to her maternal feelings. She
spoke of her husband with a degree of enthu-
siasm, which charmed me, and when he en-
tered, and I saw the bright heart-beam which
flashed across her face, as she looked upon
him, I readily acknowledged in my soul that
Frank had proved a true secret. Love had
wrought out his mighty work—the beautiful
heart had been vivified by his touch, and the
stature which had so long slumbered in quiet
apathy, now throbbled with the firm, strong,
healthful pulsations of self-forgetting and de-
voted womanly tenderness.

Lizzie still lives in comfort and affluence,
the idol of her husband, the beloved of her
children, admired and esteemed by all who
know her, and affording by her daily life, a
beautiful testimonial of Love's magic.

There are hundreds of women who live and
die with energies but half awakened, and char-
acters but half developed. The oracle within
their souls is dumb, or only utters those unin-
telligible words, which require the interpreta-
tion of the prophet voice of love or power ere
they can be fully understood.

ONE DOLLAR TO BOSTON!

Kennebec and Boston Steam Navigation, -1845.

The new, elegant and fast sailing
Steamer

PENOBSCOT,

T. G. JEWETT, Master.

WILL run as follows, until further notice: Leaving
Steamboat Wharf, half past 3, on MONDAY
and THURSDAY, at half past 2, Gardner at 3, and Bath
at 6 o'clock P. M.

Returning, will leave north side T. Wharf, Boston, for
Bath, Gardner and Hallowell, on TUESDAY and FRI-
DAY, at 5 o'clock P. M.

Good cargoes will be in readiness, on the arrival of
the Boat, to convey passengers to Augusta, Waterville,
Norrington, Vassalboro, Winthrop, Readfield, Wilton,
Farmington, Wayne, East and North Livermore, Canton
and Dixfield.

Travellers wishing to visit Quebec, will find this a very
pleasant and expeditious route, as a stage runs regularly
twice a week between Quebec and Boston.

CAUTION. The public are cautioned against sending
packages of money by persons in any way connected with
this boat, as the proprietors will not be held responsible for
any such packages.

The Penobscot is a new boat, of 500 tons burden, was
built expressly for a sea boat, (to run from Boston to East-
port and St. John, the most exposed route on our coast,) and
is said to be the best boat ever built in New York
for an ocean route. She has a full set of sails, fore and aft.

FARE \$1.—Meals Extra.

HOWARD & PAGE, Agents.

Hallowell, April 10, 1845.

Notice.

THIS we certify that I have given GEORGE R.
BLAKE his time until he is twenty-one: I shall claim
none of his earnings, and pay no debts of his contracting
from this date.

Attest—JOHN ARNO.
DEBORAH C. ARNO.

Moonmouth, April 28th, 1845.

Freedom Notice.

I HEREBY certify that I have given my son, Daniel
Wentworth Piper, his time to trade and transport load-
ing for himself, and I shall claim none of his earnings nor
pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Attest—WM. PIPER.

Winthrop, April 2, 1845.

Pauper Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that provision has been made
by the town of Rome, for the support of the subscriber, for
three years; and as they have left me without my consent,
I hereby caution any one from trusting her on my account,
as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

Attest—JOSEPH WARREN.

Rome, May 1, 1845.

CUT and wrought nails, sheet zinc, sheet lead, lead
pipe, pumps. A full supply of German and American
glass; the celebrated Deane's do.; also Saranac and
Redford crown do. Hoes, shovels, and all other articles
in the hardware line, for sale by

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.

Augusta, May, 1845.

Room Paper.

A GOOD assortment of ROOM PAPER, of new pat-
terns, for sale at low prices by

EDWARD FENNO.

STATIONERY of all kinds, constantly for sale by

EDWARD FENNO.

Florence Bonnets.

MRS. CARL has received, direct from the manu-
facturers, the prime quality of Florence bonnets, in
all their varieties; consisting in part, of plain, bird-eye,
Rutland, Dunstable, Modena, Neapolitan, etc., which she
will be happy to furnish those who may favor her with a
call, at such prices as cannot fail to please, and he would re-
quest Mrs. C. grateful for past orders, hopes, by punctuality
and fidelity, to merit and receive continued and increased
patronage.

All orders will be promptly attended to; and every
article sold, warranted equal to recommendation.

Whitcomb, May, 1845.

L. YALE'S

Patent Mill Dogs.

THE subscriber is agent for the sale of Yale's Patent
Mill Dogs, for the County of Kennebec; all in want
of a good self setting machine, are requested to call at the
mill dam and examine one of these machines in operation.
They may also be seen at the steam mill in Bath, Wis-
consinet and Brunswick.

I. G. JOHNSON.

Augusta, Sept. 6th, 1844.

Patent Shingle Machine.

THE subscriber having received letters patent for an
improvement in the SHINGLE MACHINE, is now ready to furnish them at short notice, and he would re-
quest those who want to call on him and examine the great
improvement which he has made in the machine for sawing
shingles. By his improvement one eighth more shingles
can be sawed in the same given time than by any other
machine now in use on the old plan. The above machines
are warranted of no sale.

Agents—J. R. Andrews, Sacarappa; G. W. Wake-
field, Cherryfield; Messrs. Butler & Hancock, East Ma-
hans; and Mr. Mathias Vickery, Canis. All infringe-
ments will be prosecuted to the full extent of the Law.

ISRAEL G. JOHNSON.

Augusta, Maine, Sept. 4th, 1844.

WRITING INKS. Preston's, Stephens', and Free-
man's Writing Ink, for sale by

EDWARD FENNO.

SAIL and seine twine; a good assortment of cordage,
bedcords, small lines, fishing lines